## The Aluestocking



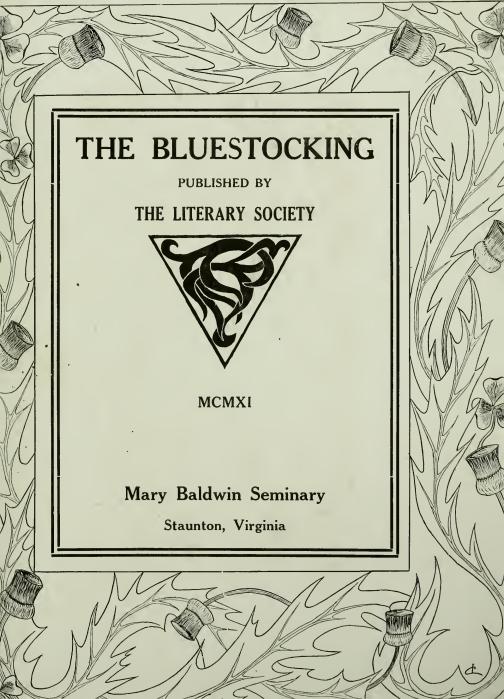




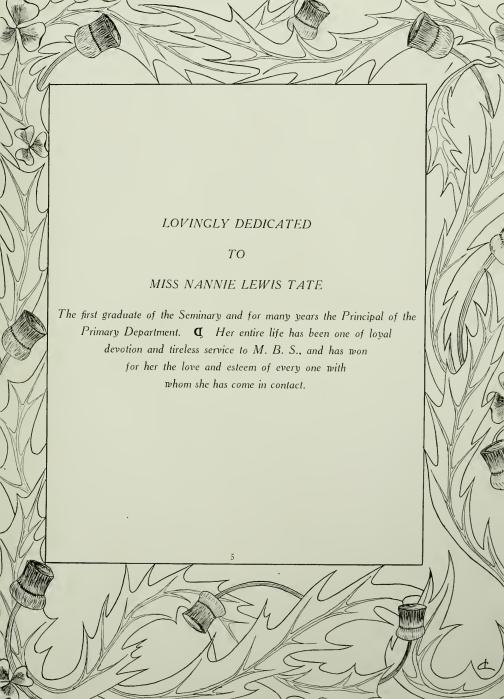


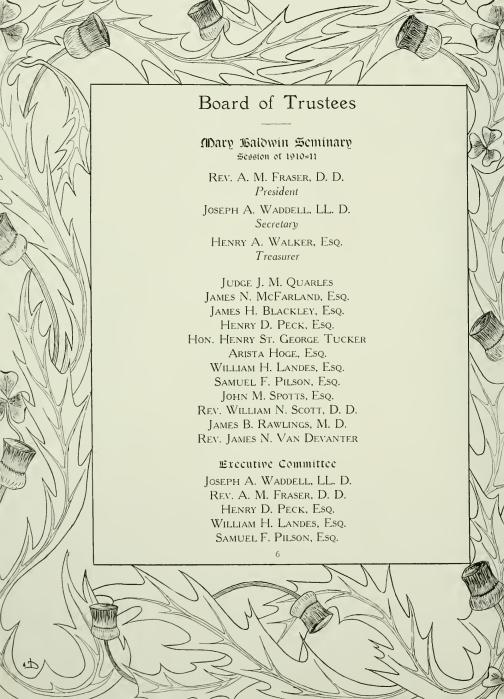


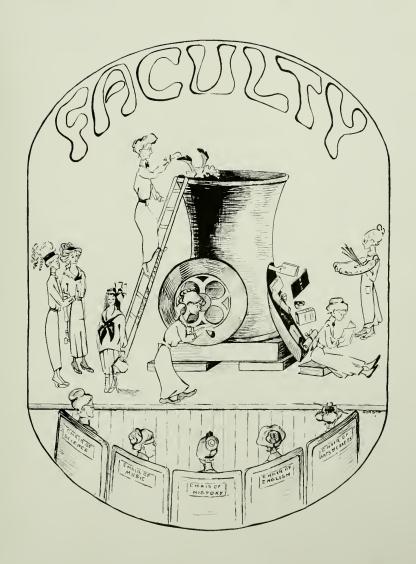
A MODERN SAPPHO AT M. B. S.

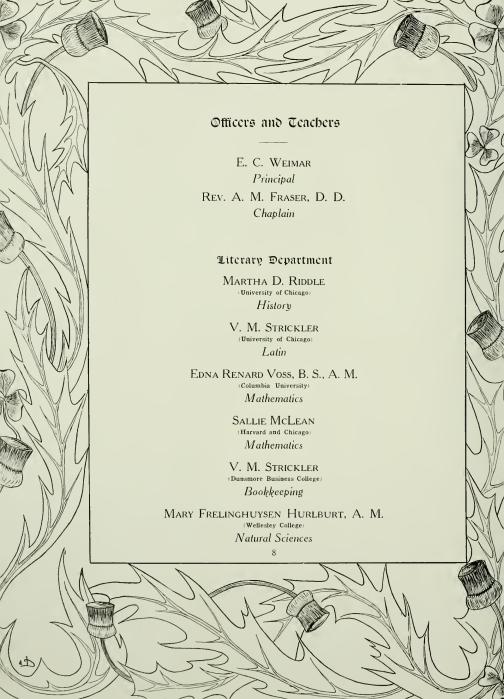


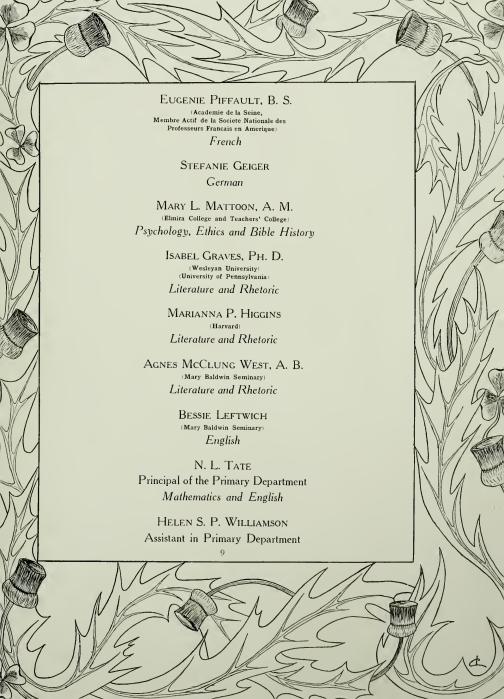
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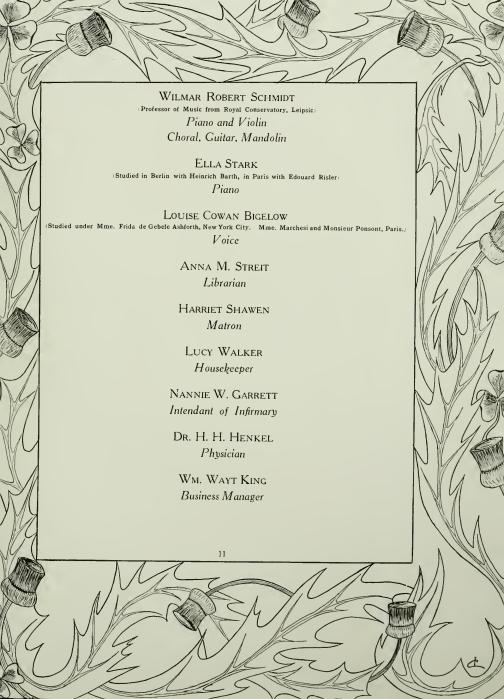


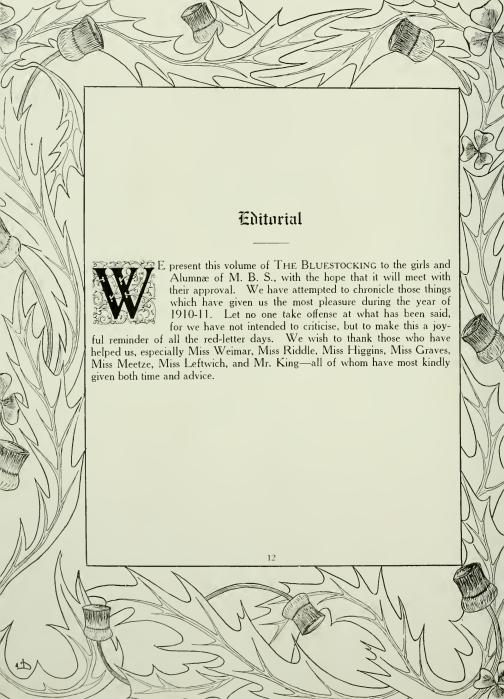


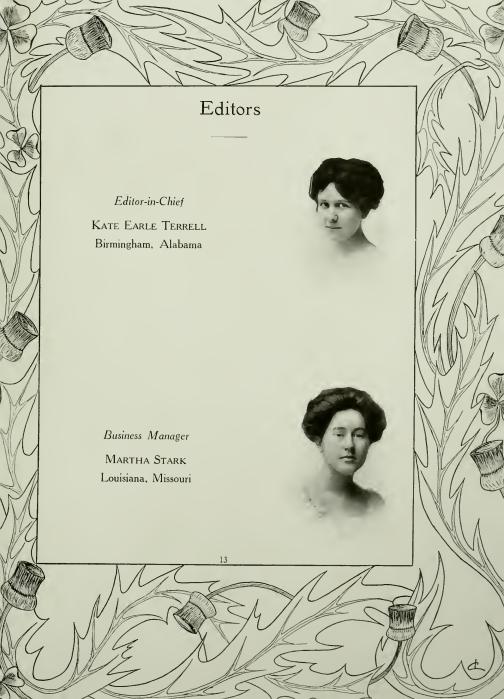


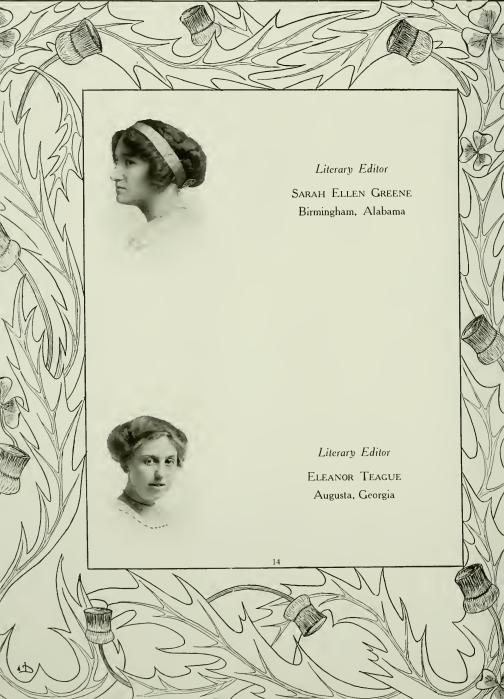


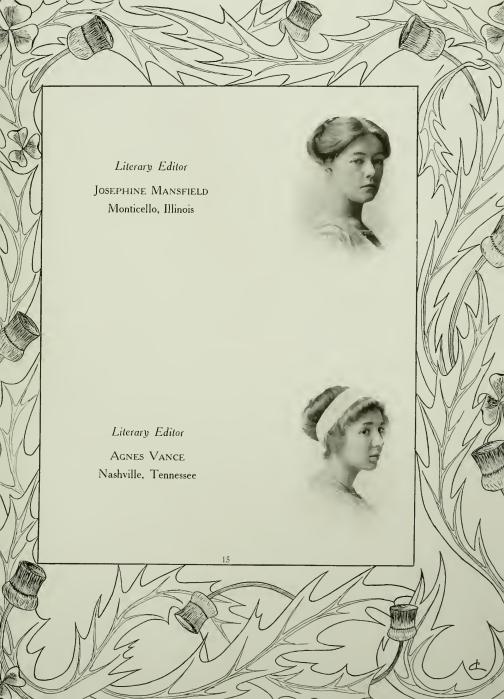


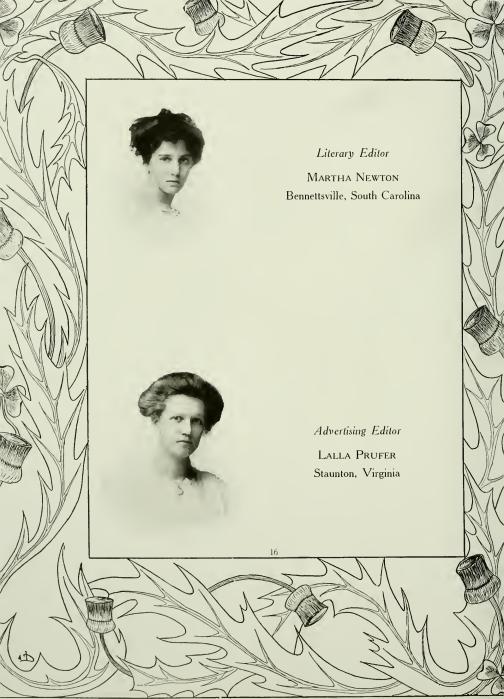


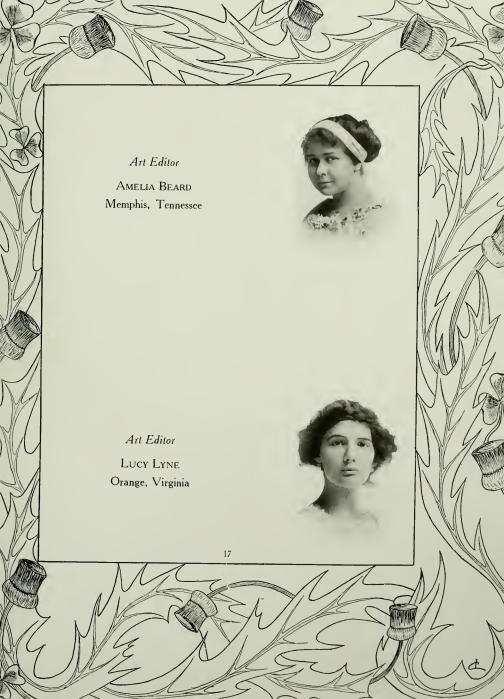








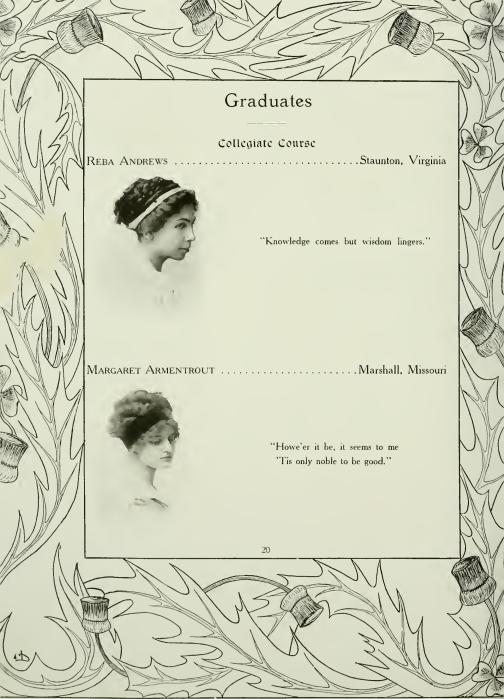


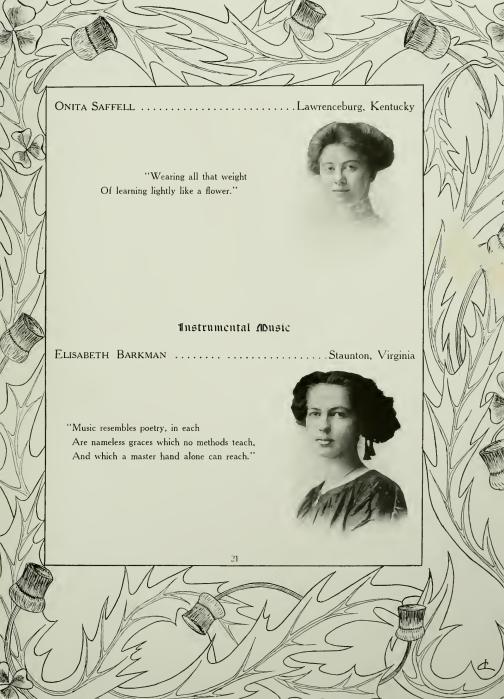


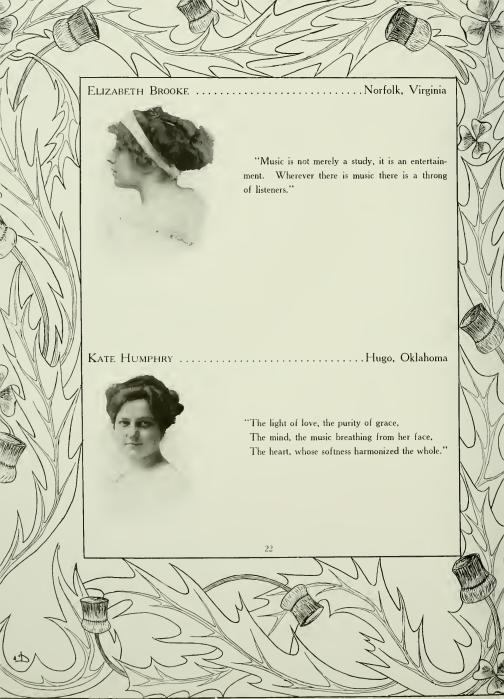


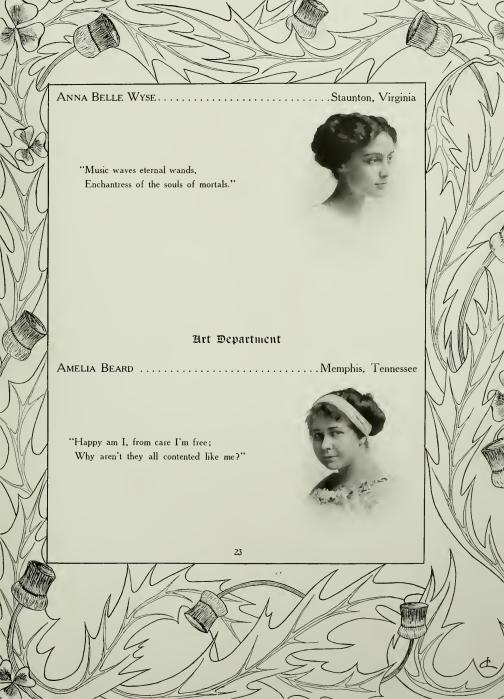


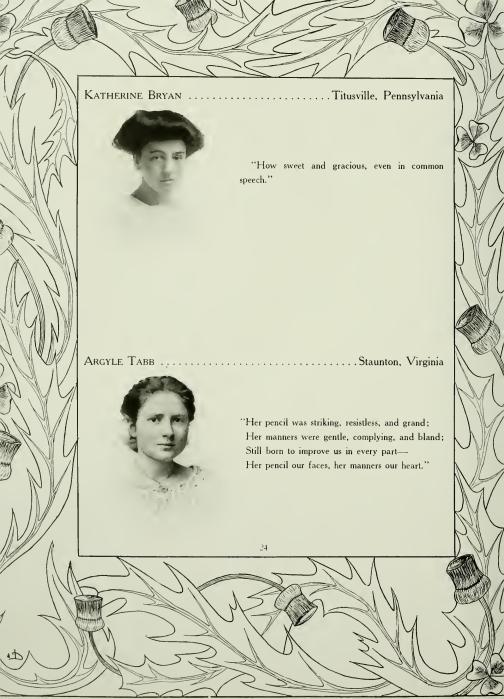
## GRADUATES

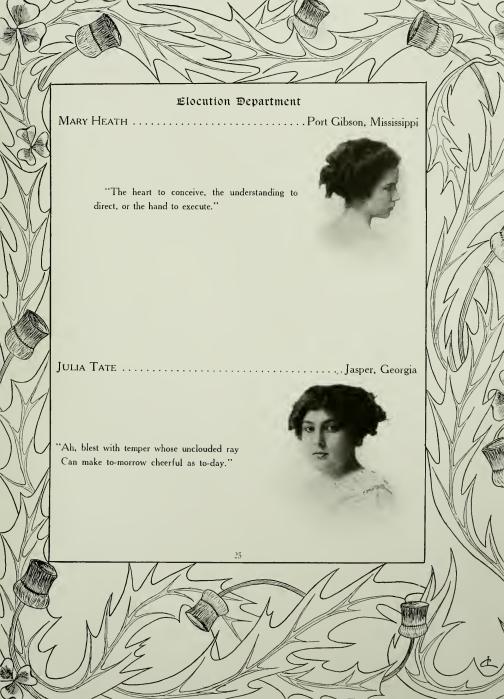




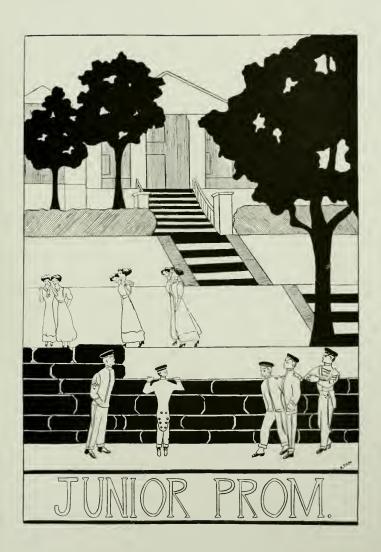


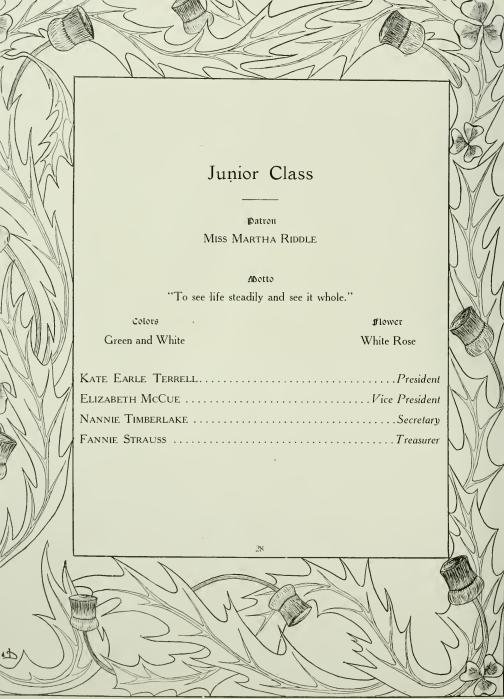














Josephine Mansfield

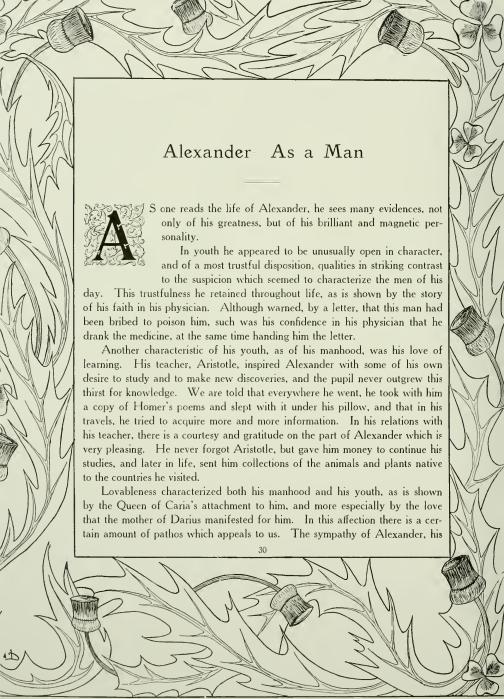
ELIZABETH McCue

Martha Stark

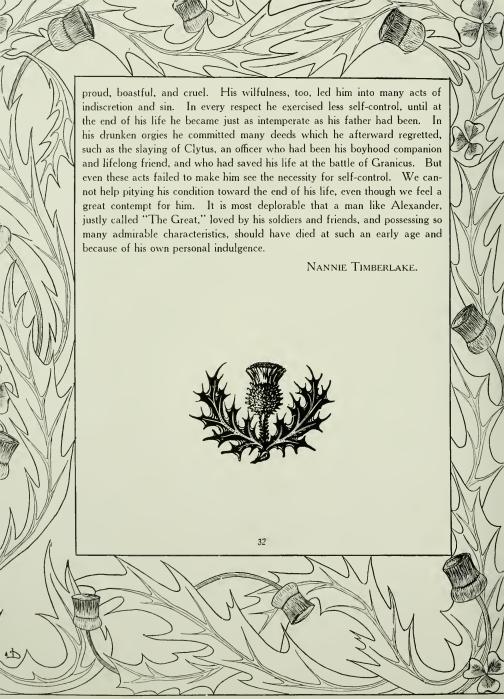
FANNIE STRAUSS

KATE EARLE TERRELL

- Nannie Timberlake

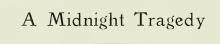


delicate attention to these royal ladies, and the courtesy which he extended to them on all occasions, have caused him to be likened to the knights of the days of chivalry. In his relations with these ladies of Persian royalty, Alexander has been favorably contrasted with typical Asiatic conquerors. One of these despots would have enslaved the captured women, but Alexander showed them every mark of respect. Generosity toward the conquered, as toward his friends, was a prominent characteristic of Alexander, and many interesting stories are told to illustrate this trait. Notable among these is the anecdote of his lavish bestowal of gifts upon his friends at the time of his departure for Asia. When asked what he was going to keep for himself, he answered proudly, "My hopes." He seems also to have treated the conquered Persians with generosity, and to have displayed much sympathy for the suffering of the poor among them. Alexander's bravery and self-confidence early asserted themselves, winning him many a victory and contributing not a little to his successful career. His personal valor is noticeable in every battle he fought, and no matter how hard pressed he might be, his buoyant self-confidence and unfailing resourcefulness always won the day, so that it has been said that he never met a foe that he did not overcome, nor an obstacle that he did not surmount. An attractive characteristic that marked Alexander's youth was his temperance, a trait which, in his later years, he lacked to a deplorable degree. Aristotle impressed the value of this habit upon him, and he followed his teacher's advice during the early part of his life. An illustration of this fact is his remark to the Queen of Caria when, as an evidence of her interest in him, she offered to give him her best cooks; he laughingly answered that the best recipe for a good appetite was "a march before daybreak as the sauce for dinner, and a light dinner as the sauce for supper." When we consider these attractive characteristics of Alexander, and then see how he deteriorated, we are strongly moved by a feeling of pity and regret. His head was first turned by the flattery and attention he received from the oracle of Zeus Ammon. His own courtiers were surprised at the eagerness with which he greeted this praise, at his readiness to assume divine honors, and at his gratification when called the child of the god. From that time on, Alexander became more and more





AGNES MCCLUNG HALL



T was the very coldest night in January—just such a night as makes honest people like to draw close together and feel each other's presence while they listen to the wind whistling around corners and moaning among the bare branches. Memorial Hall, in which I room, is the most remote of the buildings of Mary Baldwin Seminary, but as I am not of a nervous temper-

ament, I had never felt any uneasiness as to my safety. On this particular night, I had worked at my desk later than usual and was just putting away my last book, when I heard a slow sound, a clang and yet a knell. It startled me, but I hardly had time to realize my fright when the first bell was joined by another, sweeter and quicker, that seemed to come from the very foot of the hill. This tenth hour had always been, during my five months at school, one of unbroken silence. What could they mean, these clanging bells breaking in upon the storm?

On such a night as this, anything might have happened. After ten long tolls, the bells ceased as suddenly as they had begun. I hastily made ready for bed. Have you ever tried to forget something that is uppermost in your mind? How I tried not to hear the ringing of those bells amid the fierce raging of the storm! Always between the wild pealing would echo in my brain the knocking at the gate on the night of Duncan's murder.

Sleep was impossible. I tossed and turned, rivaling the storm in restlessness. Toward midnight I became drowsy and was about to close my eyes, when I heard a sound that sickened me with fear. It was a cry only half human, a sad, wailing, musical note, yet the cry of a man, and it came from the fast-shut closet at the foot of my bed. Just four agonizing words, the first high and shrill, the last deep and mournful, trailing away into silence: "Stop—Hattie—I—die!" How those words engraved themselves upon my memory! I can still hear the last gasping "die" as it sounded to me that night.

Those who have known fear of the worst kind—fear of the supernatural—know the agony through which I passed. I could not think, I could not scream, I was congealed. I had read of escaped lunatics murdering each other in secret

places. Could two such creatures in their insanity have chosen this secluded spot for their crime? I summoned courage and breathlessly sat upright in bed, gazing with wide, unseeing eyes into the almost palpable darkness.

All was silence. Not a sigh, not a gasp. How long I sat waiting to hear the dull thud of the body, I know not. I called my roommate, but my only answer was her heavy breathing, which told me that she was ignorant, how happily ignorant, of the terrible crime. My brain began to work. The murderess, Hattie—the name still rang in my ears—had brought her companion into my room on pretense of burglary. They had secreted themselves in the store room; then, while we were all at supper, they had doubtless ransacked my room (I remembered now that I had found my room in great disorder) and had hidden themselves, upon fear of discovery, in my closet.

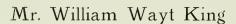
I knew that Hattie intended to leave the body of the victim where it fell, so that I might be called guilty of the awful murder. Why, since the awful deed was committed, did not Hattie make her escape? I strained my ears to hear her footstep; not a sound, not a breath.

Suddenly, a sense of self-protection and of duty overwhelmed me. Could I not lock up those bloody actors so that they might be brought to justice, if, indeed, one were not already beyond my power?

If the awful stillness could only be broken! If I could just know what had taken place in that little room! I made a move towards the door. My step was noiseless, but the quick ears of the woman inside could easily have heard the pounding of my heart, and I almost held my breath. A sudden thought at which I sickened—there was no key. My fathers! something must be done. I bent my ear to the keyhole. All was still. I would not be a coward. I would flash on the light and face the murderess and her horrible deed. With heavy steps I reached for the light; there was no time to lose. As my hand touched the knob, there came before my eyes the terrible sight that Blue Beard's closet contained. The knob turned, and sick with horror, I flung wide the door.

My impressions were verified. Hat(tie) Pin, in my uniform hat, had fallen upon, had struck, but not killed the man-Dolin on my closet shelf, and the piercing screams of the victim were technically the notes, E, A, D, and G.

SARAH ELLEN GREENE.



An Appreciation



When we come to school in September, the first person whom we see is Mr. King, with his cordial, winning smile. His hearty welcome makes the old girls feel as though they are coming home again, and the new girls always say, "I know I'll like Mary Baldwin!"

Through all our school year, it is Mr. King's smile and his cheery words that make us happy. No matter how tired and cross we may be when we go to Mr. King's office, we always come out smiling and glad. Mr. King is never failing in sympathy and interest, nor is he ever too busy to hear our troubles, our homesick woes, and even our love affairs.

We admire him as a Virginia gentleman, courteous and hospitable, but we love him for his unselfishness, and his continued and varied acts of kindness and goodness to us.

At Commencement, as we leave Staunton, Mr. King is the last person we see, waving his hand and giving us a hearty Godspeed.





I turn the close-written pages of my little diary, all the good times and few of the heartaches of my first year at boarding school throng in upon my memory, and I scarcely know where to begin.

The eighth of September, 1910, saw many of us "strangers in a strange land," looking on with wondering eyes while the omnipotent old girls flew down the terraces in the wild excitement of greeting each other with shouts and hugs of welcome. While these "lords of creation" were telling of their "perfectly wonderful summer," we found time to wander, lost among the covered ways, surveying our new school home. I need not dwell long upon these first few pages, for every girl, even you who were here last year, by a special twist of memory, can recall the early days when you yourselves were scornfully dubbed "Rats," and you know how, even then, you answered at least every hour, "I'm crazy about it."

For the first two weeks we learned chiefly the exercise of picture-hanging, the art of friend-making, and the lesson of submission to our betters (old girls). Then lessons of a different, if not of an easier kind, began.

On September seventeenth, the Y. W. C. A. launched us safely upon the vast sea of Baldwin society. They gave the most novel and enjoyable reception in our honor, the kind that makes you mix in, and as we said good-night, we felt that we had made many new and interesting friends.

A fitting close to the wild excitement and club rivalry of October first was the Fancy Dress Ball given that night in the gym. In the afternoon the school became a veritable workshop in preparation of costumes; and such creations! There were laughing representatives of various countries between the North and South Poles; and not one but tripped "on the light fantastic toe" until the bell sounded and the Cinderellas vanished.

We were just getting started on our road to knowledge and hardly knew that we wanted a holiday, when one came. After enjoyable trips to Highland Park, we found ourselves tired out but no longer hungry, and as we separated

for the night, we wished each other many happy returns of Miss Baldwin's birthday, October fourth.

Many Saturdays in my little diary are marked in big letters, "Went to a tea," and that one sentence brings the aroma of steaming coffee, the vision of chicken salad, piled up, and of sandwiches—oh, those sandwiches! It all makes me hungry again. Off and on during the year, Mrs. King has received us into her home with the proverbial hospitality of the Virginian, and our "joyful noise" and "normal" appetites have attested to the best kind of a time.

Whoever would have thought that the staid, thoughtful, wise Y. W. C. A. leaders could ever tempt us to believe in ghosts? Yet, if you could have peeped into the gym on Hallowe'en and have seen the silent(?) white-robed figures gliding here and there, each devouring with supernatural greed the oysters and gingerbread, even you could not have helped but—ask for a bite.

Thanksgiving Day found us more interested in football scores and boxes than in the hardships of our Pilgrim Fathers, and girls ran and tumbled and fell in every direction lest one strain of Kable's Band escape their ears or one cadet pass unseen. Let us not dwell long upon that dinner; enough time was spent in enjoyment of it. Then later, in the gym,

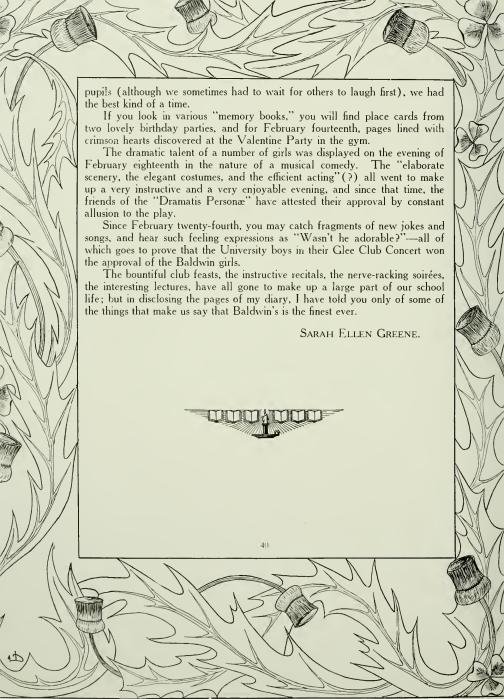
"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young, We laughed and danced and talked and sung;"

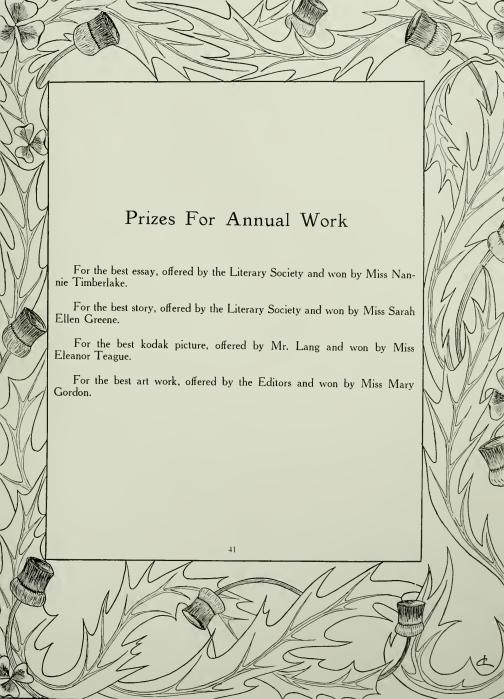
and wished we need never stop.

The first of December saw us full of Christmas spirit, sewing or pretending to sew, while some one read aloud to keep the Christmas spirit from summoning "the teacher on the hall." The mistletoe, holly, and cedar that banked the stage for the Christmas soirée brought the first great realization that we were almost "home," and the twenty-first saw us all wild with excitement and "homeward bound."

Of course, none of us were ready to come back after two short, blissful weeks, but we came, and there were lots of yarns to tell and 'twas good to be together again. At night, tired from the Christmas gaiety, we would all turn out the lights, huddle together, and tell the most blood-curdling ghost stories until, when the 9:30 bell sounded, we were glad to cover up our heads and go to sleep.

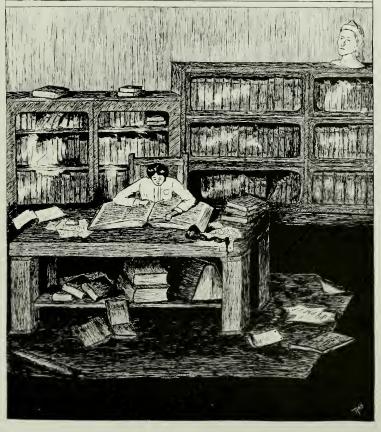
On February eleventh, the people of Staunton gave an old-fashioned spelling bee, and, what with the wit of the pedagogue and the blunders of his

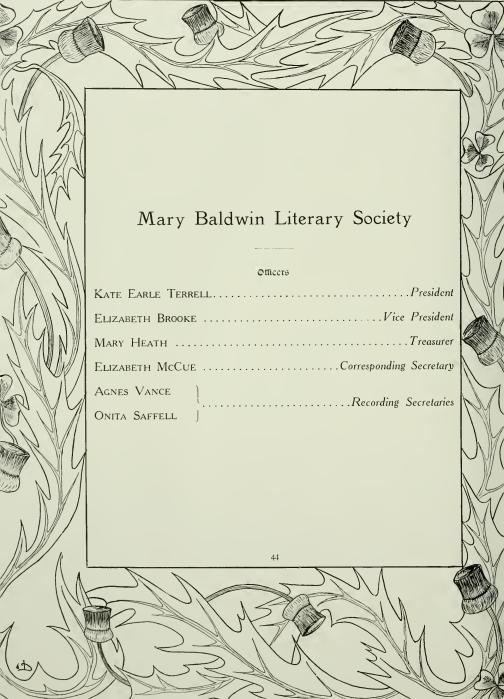




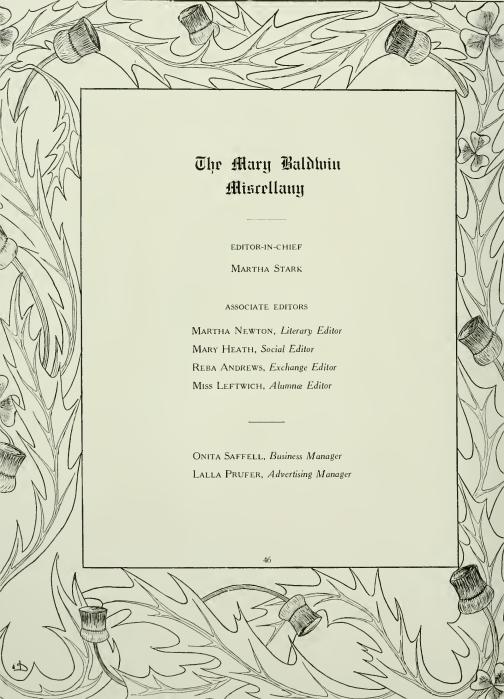
VISTA ACROSS FRONT LAWN

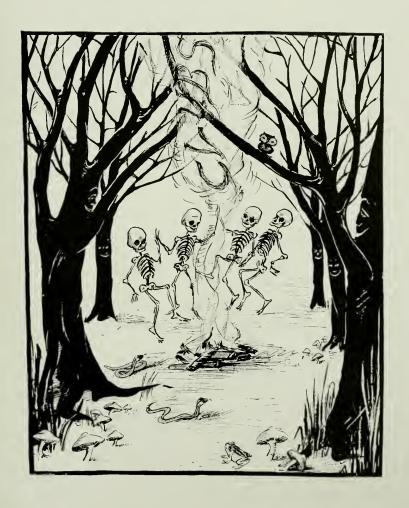
# LITERARY SOCIETY















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flower Color Carnation Red

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HELEN POLE ELIZABETH BROOKE

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MILDRED WARFIELD DEMMON HEMENOVER

LUTIE WOODS MATTIE LAMB

FLORENCE LEISY

VIRGINIA MAGRUDER

MOLLY WORTHINGTON

MARIA WOODS







# Z. T. Z.

Colors
Red and Black

flower

American Beauty

## Abotto

"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first."

## Members

KATHARINE ABBEY	AMELIA BEARD	ELIZABETH BROOKE
HELEN BRYAN	KATHERINE BRYAN	LOUISE BURROUGHS
ISABEŁŁE COFFEY	MARGARET HENRY	HELEN COMPTON
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KATE EARLE TERRELL	AGNES VANCE	LILY WOODS
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Albascot Black Cat

Colors Green and White

SALLIE WILLIAMS....

flower Cattail

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ELEANOR DELOACH
JEAN HUNTER

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VIRGINIA McDAVID

MARY MUNGER

MAE PERKINS

AGNES VANCE

RUTH VANCE





# X. Y. Z.

JEAN HUNTER..... President

Albembers \*

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KATHERINE BRYAN

DOROTHY ROBERTSON

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ELEANOR TEAGUE

JEAN HUNTER

NANNIE TIMBERLAKE

MARY I. OSBORNE

MARY LEMASTER

SALLIE WILLIAMS

ELIZABETH PANCAKE LUTIE WOODS

58

















## K. E. Y.

Colors #lower
Violet and White Violet

#### Motto

"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors"

#### Members

AMELIA BEARD MARIE NOEL

LUCY BULL KATIE OSBORNE

MARY BUTLER MARY I. OSBORNE

MAY BOYD MARY S. OSBORNE

HELEN COMPTON MAY PERKINS

SARA HARRISON ANNA MAE WALKER

VIRGINIA LIPSCOMB MOLLY WORTHINGTON

62



Colors

flower

Green and Lavender

Lily of the Valley

President

Members

LOUISE BURROUGHS KATHARINE LEBBY

FLORIDA BOOTH CLIFFORD LINDSEY

HELEN BRYAN VIRGINIA LIPSCOMB

HELEN COLE MARIE NOEL

MARY HEATH DOROTHY ROBERTSON

MARGARET HENRY AGNES VANCE

ALICE HULL RUTH VANCE

SALLIE WILLIAMS







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KATE EARLE TERRELL. President
ELIZABETH BROOKE. Treasurer

#### Members

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MOLLY WORTHINGTON









Colors

Hlower Black and Gold Black-Eyed Susan

#### Officers

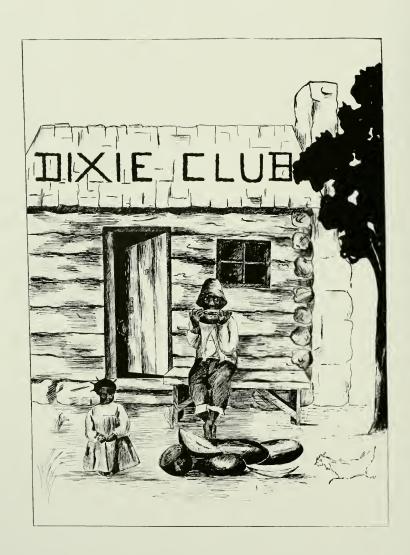
ALMA TILLMAN ...... Secretary and Treasurer

#### Members

NELL BAKER LILLIAN HUGHES EVELYN BIGGS AVIS BLEWETT LOUISE MOORE ADDIE SHARP LUCILLE BLEWETT ALMA TILLMAN ELIZABETH CAMP

MARION WICKS





#### Dixie Club

/Motto

"Dixie 'till I die!"

Colors

Mower

Red and White

Cotton Blossom

Mascot

Coon

SARAH ELLEN GREENE President

MARY MUNGER. Secretary

Members

AMIE ALLEN

MARY MAYES

HAZEL FORD

AMELIA BEARD

ELIZABETH McCUE

MINNA BEASLEY

VIRGINIA McDAVID MARY MUNGER

ELEANOR DELOACH

MARY I. OSBORNE

LILA FORD

FRANCES OVERTON

SARAH ELLEN GREENE KATHRYNE HARPER

MARGUERITE PENN

MARY HEATH

MERVIN RAY JOSEPHINE STEED

MARGARET HENRY

MARY BUTLER

HELEN TAYLOR

HETTIE HOBSON

KATE EARLE TERRELL

JEAN HUNTER

AGNES VANCE

KITTY MAE IRVINE

RUTH VANCE

CLIFFORD LINDSEY

SALLIE WILLIAMS

KATHARINE WOODROW

73



## Georgia Club

#### Mascot

Opossum

Colors If lower

Red and Black American Beauty

#### Members

MAY BOYD

EDITH BRYSON

MARY BUTLER
NELL CANDLER

LOUISE COSWELL

ALICE HULL

VIRGINIA LIPSCOMB

MARY S. OSBORNE

KATIE OSBORNE

ELIZABETH PARKS

MAY PERKINS

JULIA TATE



JBird Oriole

Colors Black and Gold Hlower

Black-Eyed Susan

#### Motto

"Manly deeds and womanly words"

#### Officers

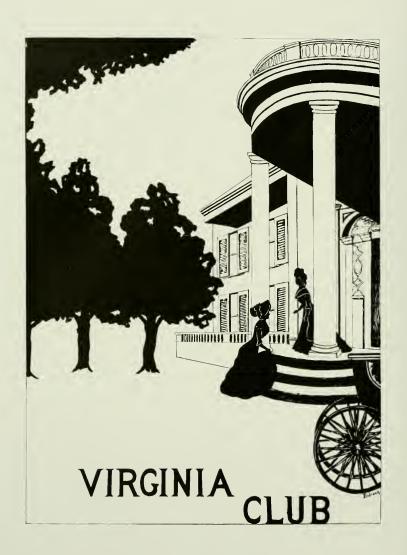
MARIE NOEL	President
MILDRED WARFIELDVice	
HELEN COLE	
FLORIDA BOOTH	Secretary

#### Members

MILDRED BEAUCHAMP
FLORIDA BOOTH
LOUISE BURROUGHS
HELEN COLE
MARGARET CROCKETT
PRISCILLA LANKFORD
CHRISTINE LOWE

ELIZABETH NEILSON KATHERINE NEILSON ANNETTE NEUDECKER MARIE NOEL MILDRED WARFIELD

ILDRED WARFIELD MARY TULL ROSE WIEBEL



### Virginia Club

#### Abotto

"Sic Semper Tyrannis"

Colors Flower
Orange and Black Golden Rod

#### Officers

#### Members

**EDITH ABBITT** LULA GRAHAM MARY ROUTT CLARE ADAMS ELSIE JACKSON ANNAH RUCKMAN FLORA BAYLOR ELIZABETH LAIRD HELEN SCHERER ELLEN BELL MATTIE LAMB FAIR SEARSON MILDRED BORDEN BLANCHE LEEBRICK ELIZABETH PULLIAM **IULIA BRENT** LUCY LYNE CARRIE TINSLEY ELIZABETH BROOKE VIRGINIA MAGRUDER IRENE WARD LUCIE BULL GLADYS MUSGRAVE MARGUERITE WARD LUCY CARNEY GRACE NELSON MARY WARD GLADYS COFER MARY NEWMAN BLAIR WHITLOCK FANNIE CRADDOCK ANNE PEACH EDITH WILLIAMSON ALBERTA DUDLEY SARAH WILSON WINNIE PITTS RUTH DUDLEY ELIZABETH RANSOM AGNES WOODS DOROTHY ROBERTSON **IANET FARRAR** LILY WOODS BLANCHE FINKS MAY ROBERTSON LUTIE WOODS ALICE GRAHAM ALICE ROGERS MARIA WOODS

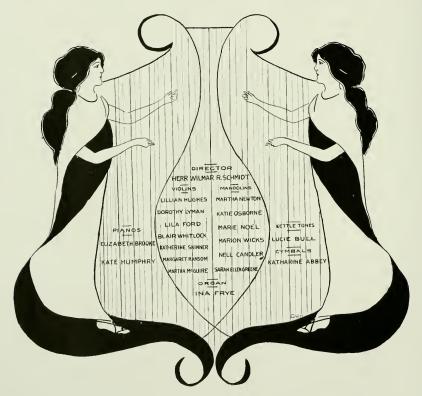
# ILLINOIS





MEMORIAL HALL AND HILL TOP

# ORCHESTRA





HERR WILMAR R. SCHMIDT...

Director

#### Members

KATHARINE ABBEY AMIE ALLEN ELIZABETH BARKMAN LYDIA BOARDMAN MILDRED BORDEN ELIZABETH BROOKE FRANCES BURDETTE LOUISE BURROUGHS MARY BUTLER NELL CANDLER LOUISE CARSWELL HELEN COLE MARION DAVIDSON INA FRYE ELIZABETH GAMMON SARAH ELLEN GREENE KATHRYNE HARPER ELIZABETH HAS BROUCK GEORGE HARRIS DEMMON HEMENOVER CATHERINE HICKOX RUTH HOPWOOD LILLIAN HUGHES ALICE HULL KATE HUMPHRY ELSIE JACKSON MAGDELENE JAMES JEANETTE KORNEGAY

ANDRENA LE MASSENA MARION LOCKWOOD LILLIE MAE LOVING CHRISTINE LOWE MARY McFARLAND FAY MEADE MARY MUNGER MARTHA NEWTON MABEL ODENBAUGH KATE DALE OSBORNE MARY STONEY OSBORNE ANNE PEACH MARGUERITE PENN FRANCES PINDELL HELEN POLE EVELYN PRATT ALICE ROGERS ANNA RUCKMAN KATHERINE SKINNER JOSEPHINE STEED FLORENCE STINSON ALMA TILLMAN FLOY VAN DEN BERG MILDRED WARFIELD ANNIE WALTERS MARION WICKS ROSE WIEBEL KATHARINE WOODROW

VIRGINIA YATES

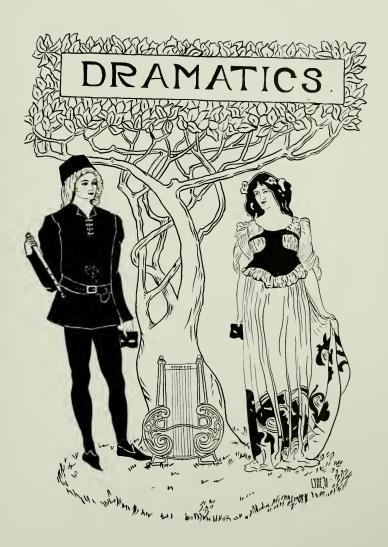


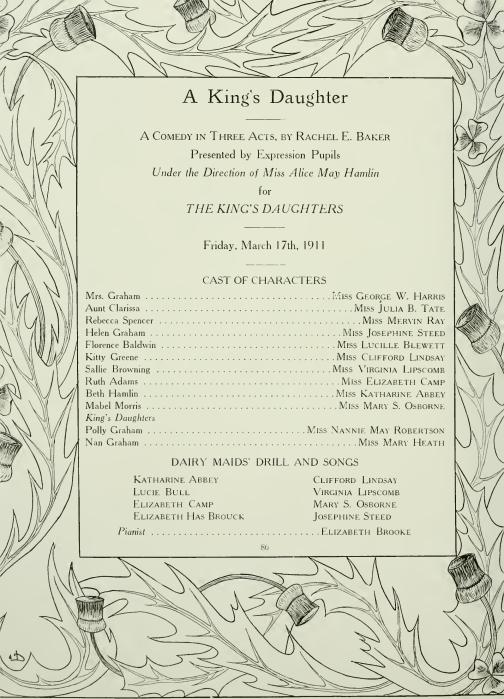
# Y. W. C. A.

MISS MATTOON	Member
ELIZABETH McCUE	.President
ALICE SIBLEY HULL	President
MARY HEATH	. Secretary
KATHARINE WOODROW	Treasurer
MARION LOCKWOOD	Chairman
AGNES WILKIE VANCE	Chairman
ELLEN HOWE BELL Missionary	Chairman

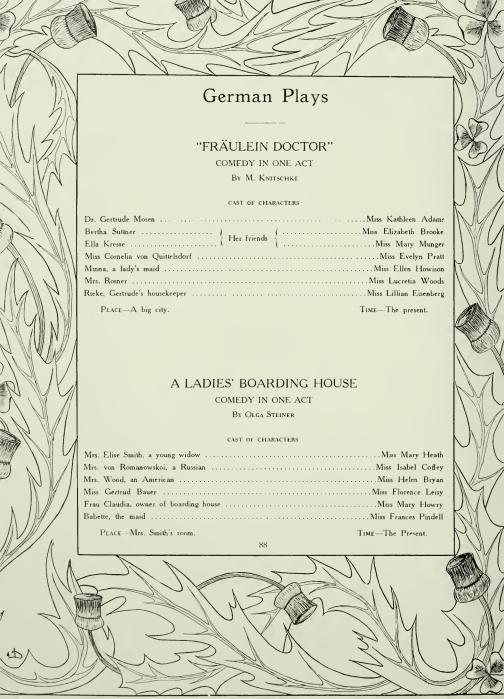
PARTIAL VIEW OF FRONT LAWN

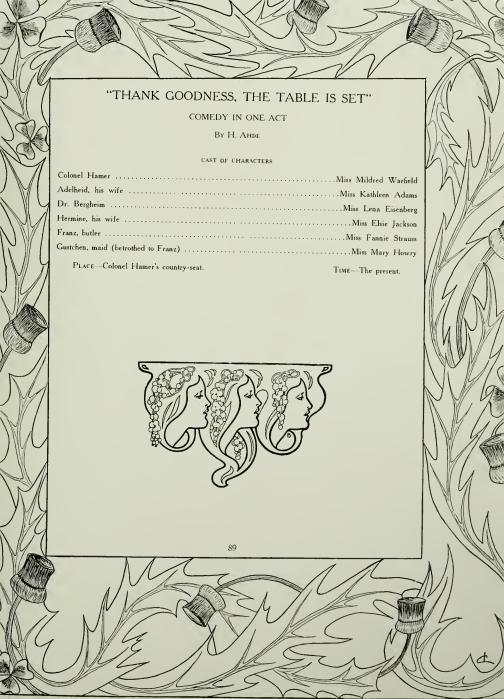


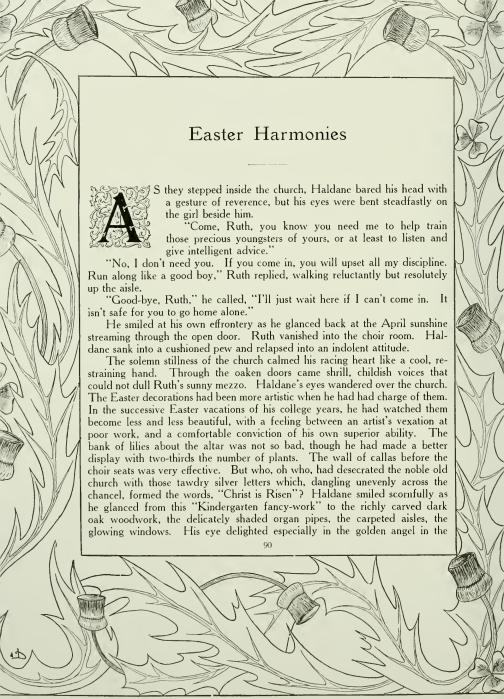










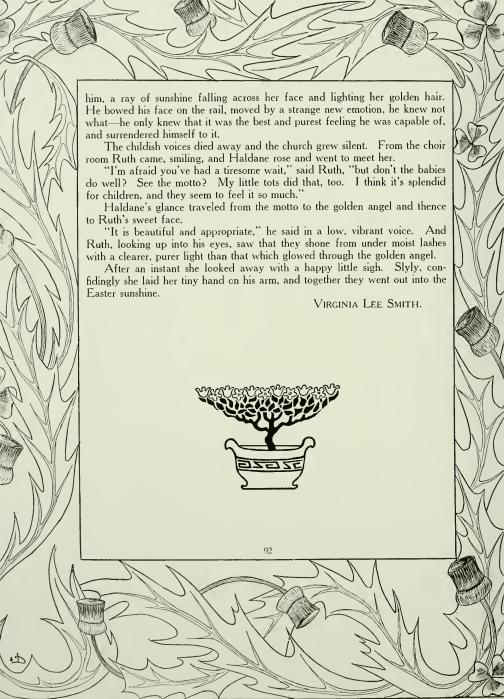


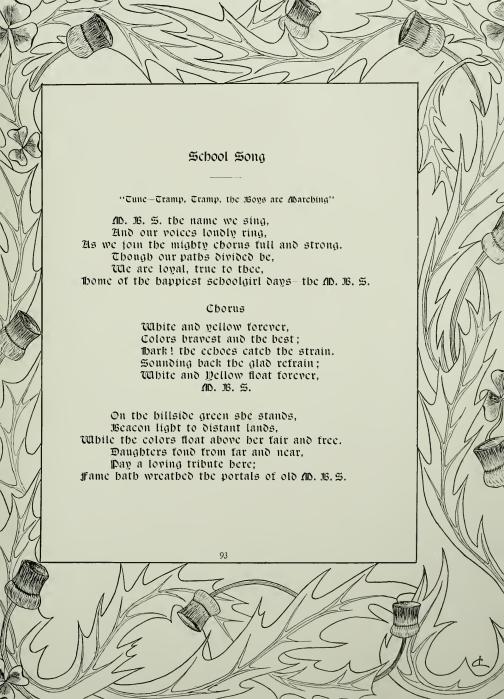
eastern window. Hundreds of times, he thought, his childish eyes had puzzled over the illuminated English lettering. Its translation had beguiled many a weary Sunday—"Behold, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" spelled Haldane, half aloud. Then he turned to look for something. There it was, in the shadow. During his high school days, when he sang in the choir, his eyes had often wandered to the window erected to the memory of Judge Reckland, and he had thought how inappropriate was its inscription—"Blessed are the Peacemakers." "When I put up that rose window, as a memorial to Ruth. 'My wife,' " added Haldane, as a warm color deepened in his rough cheeks, "I'll put, 'Blessed are the pure in heart' under it, and nobody will feel about that as they did about Judge Jim's blessing. I believe Ruth's all there is as far as I'm concerned. I wonder what text Ruth would choose if she were putting up a window for me? 'Be merciful to me, a sinner,' I guess." He leaned forward, clasping and unclasping his hands, his dark eyes full of trouble. 'A man that could ask Ruth to marry him would need to be almost perfect. I wonder if there ever was a man worthy of her? I'm not, and I've always considered myself something of a man." The flush deepened again, and his mouth quivered, then grew firm. "Alleluia, Alleluia!" sang Ruth's little girls like a choir of crickets. "Allelulia, Allelulia!" Ruth's glowing voice responded in amendation of their version. Then Ruth sang tenderly the wonderful notes of the beautiful carol. The words were almost indistinguishable, but Haldane knew them well. "He was despiséd," and the jubilant child voices interrupted piercingly, "He is

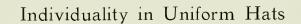
The words were almost indistinguishable, but Haldane knew them well. "He was despised," and the jubilant child voices interrupted piercingly, "He is risen." "Despised and rejected," flowed on the inspired melody. The children shrilled in response, "Crowned into glory." "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "He is gone up on high." So the strange duet went on. Haldane frowned impatiently. It was sacrilege to add to Handel's sorrow, more especially this wabbly, squeaky addition by uncomprehending children. It was like the silver gilt motto in the stately church, and still the idea was not a bad one. The dual message was impressive enough, if one could but forget the traditions of that song. Could it be Ruth's idea? The difficult harmonies were well worked out. After all—; he took a hasty side glance at the motto.

"Christ is risen," sang the children, "Alleluia, Alleluia!"

The church swam before his eyes, and among the wavering Gothic arches and the swaying lilies, he saw a vision of Ruth's sweet, pure face upturned to







H! here they come at last! Just wait a few minutes, and I'll show you my divinity." And the boy with S. M. A. on his collar began watching intently the long line of M. B. S. girls file out of the side gate and over towards the church.

"That's all nonsense, Bob," said the V. M. I. boy, with a disgusted air. "How on earth could you tell any one in that crowd? It looks more like the tombstones in a national cemetery than anything else—all in white and every hat exactly alike. Why, man, how could you tell any one girl when there are two hundred more around wearing the same kind of hats?"

"Frank, old boy, that's where you are wrong. Perhaps those hats look exactly alike to you, but I see a vast difference. Watch that girl leading the line. You see her hat is new and clean, without a dent in it. I'll bet on her as a P. C. after Christmas."

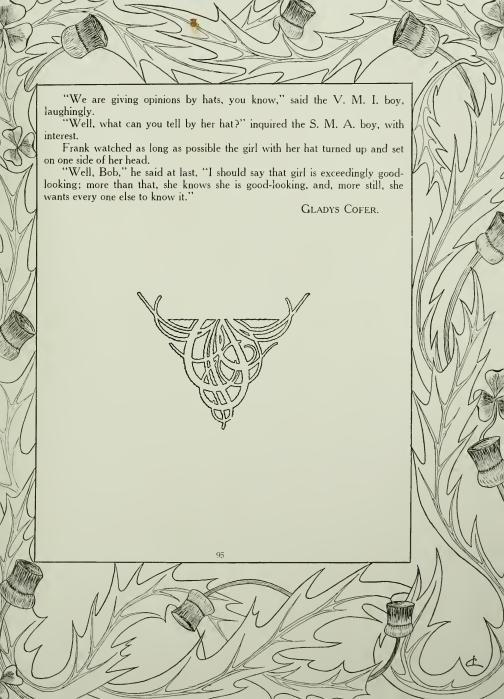
Frank laughed and watched the girls with more curiosity.

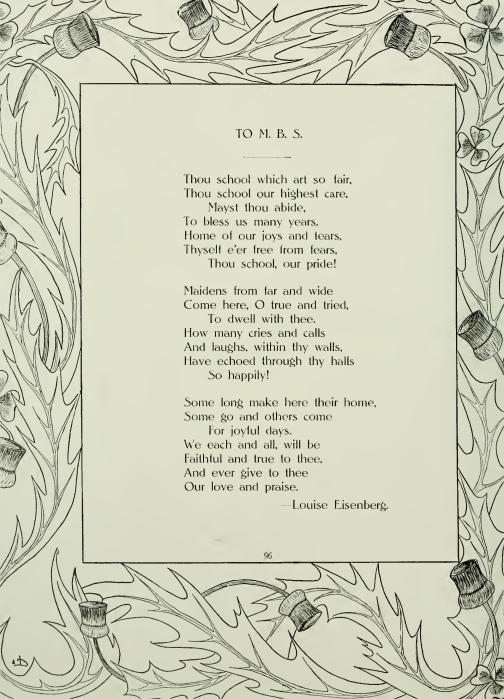
"So you read characters by hats, not faces. Keep it up, Bob, I am interested."

"Well, there's a girl with a new hat. But just look at it. She won't have a piece left by November. It is broken, dented, and stained. She doesn't care how she looks, but only thinks about having a good time. Boys are nothing to her, especially S. M. A. boys. But look, quick! You see that girl with the yellowish-looking hat? She's an old girl, and the mischief-maker of the school. Why, I bet that hat has been in the rain a dozen times, and there is a hole in the crown, and the brim is uneven. But I'll wager she's leader in all the fun that goes on over there."

"Bob, I believe you know the facts, and are just trying to guy me."

"No, I would tell you the same thing if I had never seen those girls before. But look, Frank; here she comes, the one I have been telling you about. There she is, with her hat turned 'way up on one side. What do you think of her?"

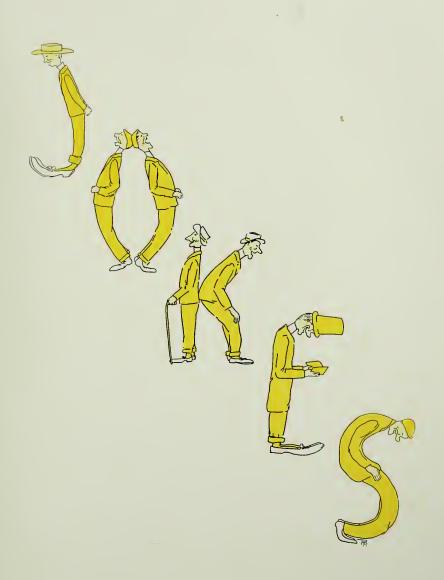


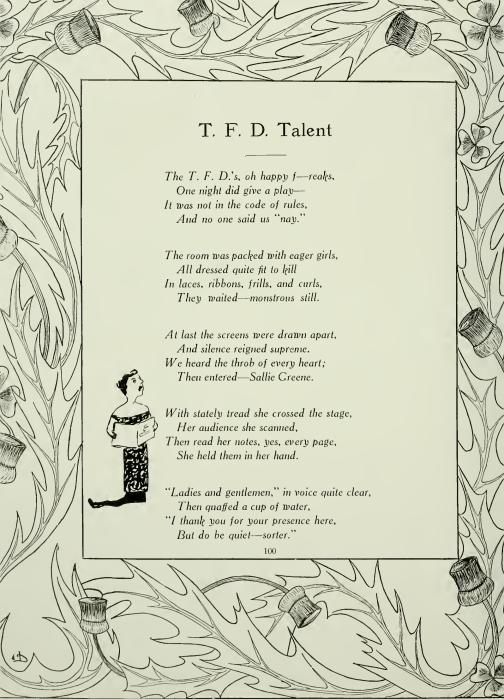




UPPER LAWN BETWEEN HILL-TOP AND SKY-HIGH

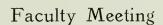












Scene—Miss Weimar's Office

TIME-6:30 Thursday Night, February 31, 1911.

Miss Weimar, seated at her desk, turns pages of the Record Book.

Teachers arranged in a circle.

MISS WEIMAR: Before we begin, ladies, I should like to relieve my mind of a matter which has been troubling me for the past month, and which has had much to do with my poor state of health this winter. Our girls have not been receiving as much attention from the young men as usual, and this is a source of great regret to me. Possibly the uniform hats may not be as becoming as they were in years gone by. Mademoiselle, have you any of the latest fashion plates?

MLLE.: Yes, Miss Weimar, I will go now and bring down the latest modes.

(Exit Mlle.)

MISS WEIMAR: I do not assume the whole responsibility, ladies, for it seems to me that our girls are entirely too quiet to be interesting. I wish we could rouse them in some way. When will there be another football game? I think I shall write Captain Kable to reserve a number of seats for the young ladies. When you chaperone the young ladies in the afternoon, try to prevent them from walking along the quiet, unfrequented streets. The Kable boys have holiday on Monday; on that day, especially, request the young ladies to walk on Main Street and by Kable's Store. Then there are some splendid moving picture shows this week; take them to one or two, and see if you cannot arouse their interest in such things. I have found that the best way to appeal to young ladies is to tell them what interesting girls we found their mothers. There's Evelyn Pratt—Miss Tate, will you speak to her? Never would you have seen Evelyn's mother conducting herself in such an old-maidish way.

MISS TATE: Yes, Miss Weimar; knowing Evelyn's mother as I did, I

cannot understand her daughter's lack of vivacity.

MISS WEIMAR: Now, ladies, I am ready to hear any suggestions that you may have to make.

Miss Voss: In connection with this very matter, Miss Weimar, in No. I Hilltop, the young ladies retire at exactly ten o'clock. Nothing that I can say seems to have any effect upon them, and after light bell, my hall is absolutely quiet.

MISS WEIMAR: I suggest, Miss Voss, that you try to interest them in some of the late novels; young girls sometimes enjoy them. Invite some of them in each night, and cheer them up with refreshments, play games with them, or read them a love story. Any further suggestions?

MISS WILLIAMSON (deliberately): Well, I want to mention the way the girls lag behind at stationery. I always place my chair in the entrance to Academic Building, but every time I have great difficulty in persuading the girls to go promptly for their stationery. The young ladies seem so diffident. Judith Ganson, Helen Bryan, and Maria Woods, by their shrinking timidity, cause the loss of much time every day.

MISS WEIMAR: Yes? Just give me those names. (Copies them into book.) Further remarks?

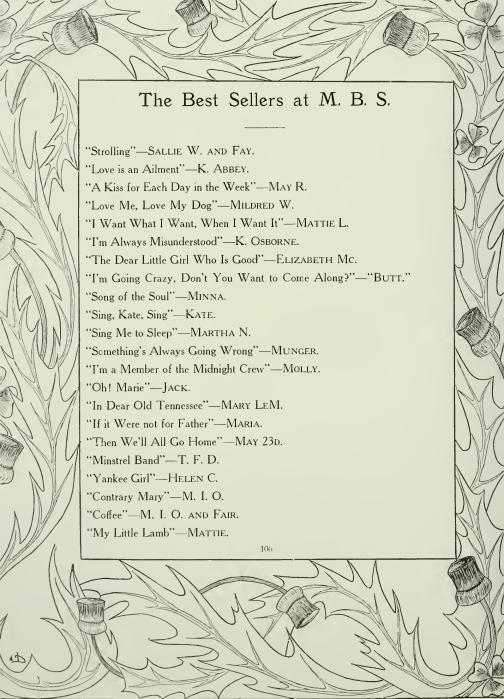
MISS HURLBURT (agitated): The girls at my table, Miss Weimar, are losing all of that enthusiasm that I spoke to you about at the beginning of the year. They have not given a yell for M. B. S. since the concert by the University Glee Club. Eleanor DeLoach is almost quiet in her manner and is so exclusive in her conversation that she never speaks to any one except the girl seated next to her.

MISS WEIMAR: I consider that rude. I'll ask all of the teachers to notice this tendency and to do all in their power to prevent such behavior. Encourage them in laughter and animated conversation.

MISS LEFTWICH: For the past month, Miss Weimar, I have had scarcely any orders for flowers. This fact, I think, shows that the girls have become decidedly colder in their friendships. We determined last month to promote these exclusive friendships. The following young ladies have not given me an order for at least a week: Helen Scherer, Fay Milburn, and Florence Budd.

MISS WEIMAR: I am glad you mentioned that, Bessie; I had letters this week from the parents of several of the young ladies, urging me to encourage their daughters in spending more money on college pleasures. I shall suggest that the young ladies send more frequently to Washington for orchids and American Beauties, and that they take more interest in their dress. I see

beautiful evening dresses advertised in Altman's new catalogue; and such pretty evening slippers. Miss Shawen, will you speak to Mary Munger and Elizabeth Brooke about the slippers? MISS RIDDLE: I have noticed of late, Miss Weimar, a tendency toward too much study on the part of the young ladies. They study at the wrong time. In the afternoon, when they should be indulging in such harmless recreations as baseball and tennis, they are probably studying. I am told that almost every girl in school gets up at five o'clock, instead of sleeping till the breakfast bell rings, and I think we all agree that no sleep is more refreshing to young minds than that enjoyed between seven and seven-thirty. Two young ladies, Marion Wicks and Mildred Warfield, are so deeply absorbed in their work that they do not even know when the chapel services begin. Just a word from you, Miss Weimar, I think would correct this. MISS WEIMAR: Yes: is there anything else? FRÄULEIN: Ia, there is a thing that I do not understand. My church section has been too crowded last Sunday. I think I will have to have another pew. MISS WEIMAR: Very well, Fräulein Geiger. I have provided books and soft couches in the Infirmary for the young ladies, hoping that I could prevail upon some of them not to attend church so regularly. Miss Streit: I cannot do my work in the library at night, Miss Weimar, because of the uninterrupted practice during the first hour. Frances Pindell and Lutie Woods persist in practicing the entire time—often coming up before the bell rings and never going down until 9:30. MISS WEIMAR: Very well, Miss Streit, I shall speak to the young ladies to-morrow. (Return Mademoiselle, bearing fashion plate.) MLLE.: Here, Miss Weimar, are the latest modes in Paris hats. (All bend excitedly over the paper.) (CURTAIN.) 105



## Appreciations

Miss Riddle—"Those about her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Lily—"As fresh as the fairest flower in May."

M. Warfield—"Better late than never."

Mr. King—"In him alone it was natural to please."

Amelia—"She is composed of gentle virtues."

"Butt"—"From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot she is all mirth."

Lib.—"The power to charm when, where, and whom she would."

K. Abbey—"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love."

Louise G.—"The flame of anger, bright and brief, sharpens the barb of love."

Florida—"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

M. S. O.—"Silence is one of the lost arts."

E. McCue—"A soul as white as Heaven."

Munger—"Discretion is the better part of valor."

M. Perkins—"As idle as a painted ship

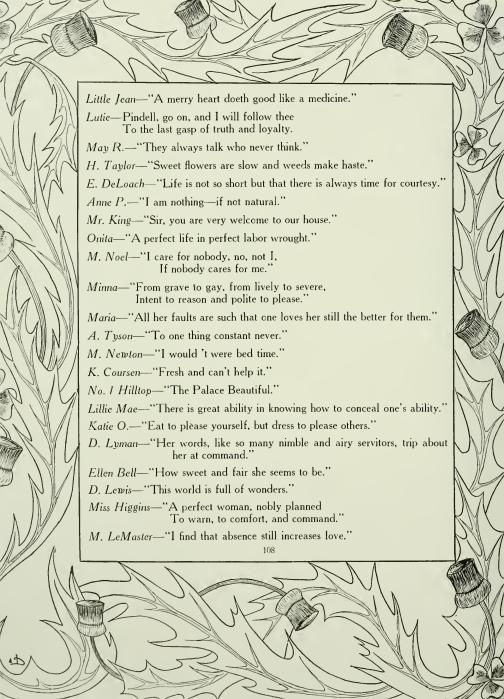
Upon a painted ocean."

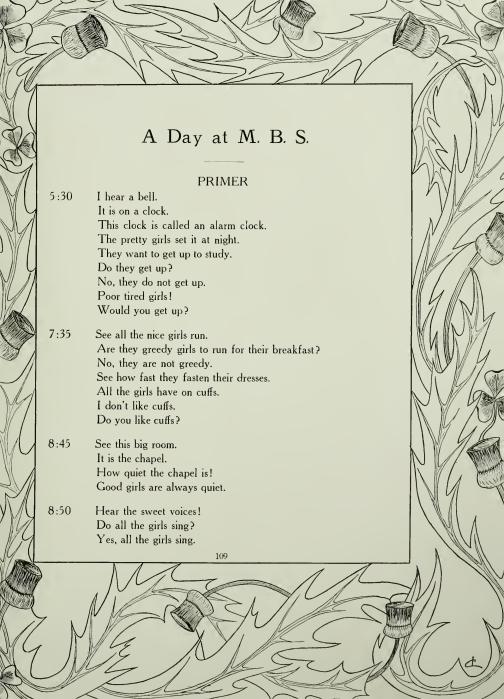
S. S. W.—"The past unsighed for, and the future sure."

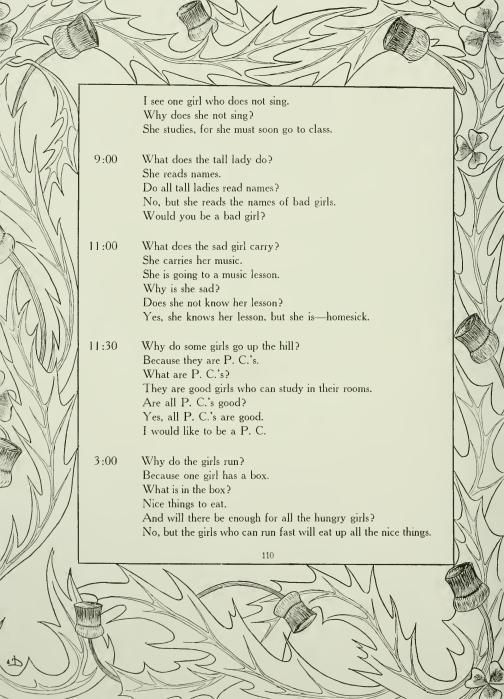
K. Lebby—"If you wish to be good, first believe you are bad."

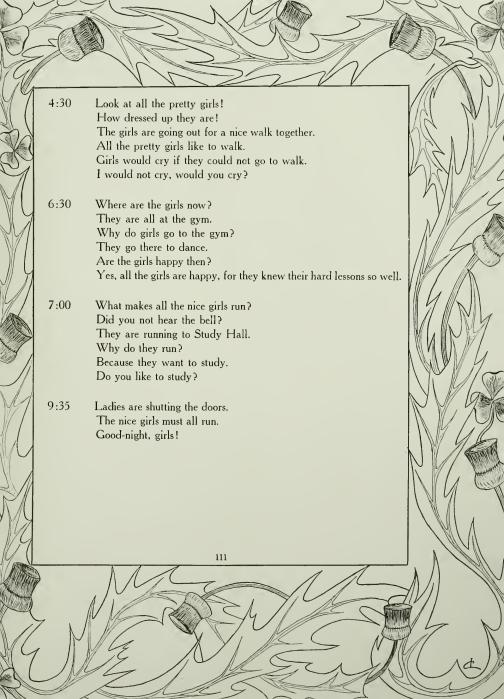
M. Howry—"Talkativeness produces many disasters, but in silence there is safety."

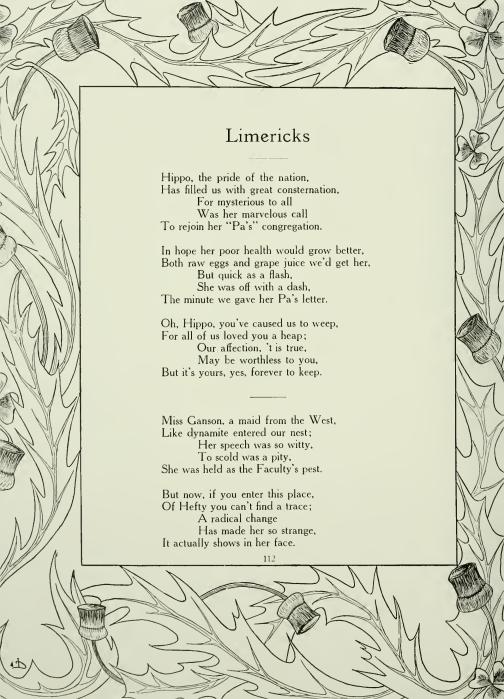
V. McDavid—"What we find the least of in flirtation is love."

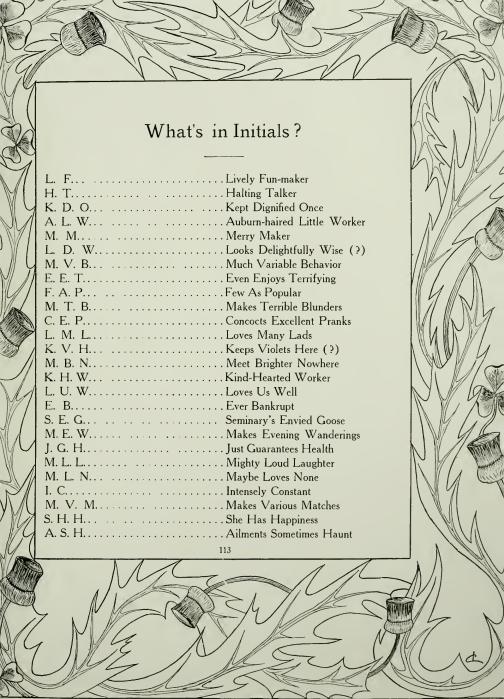


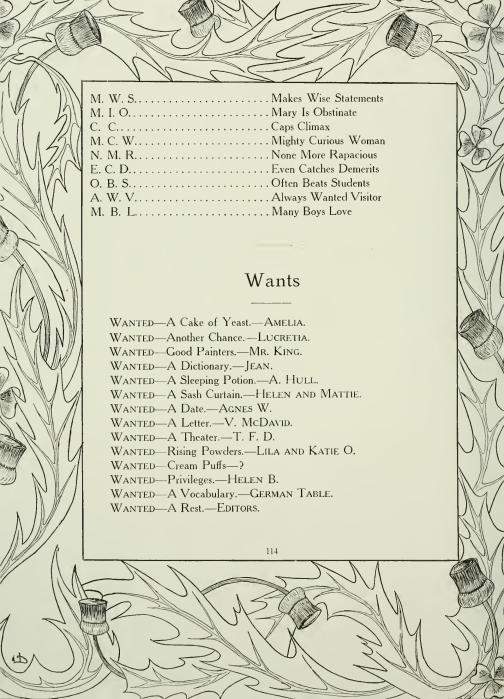


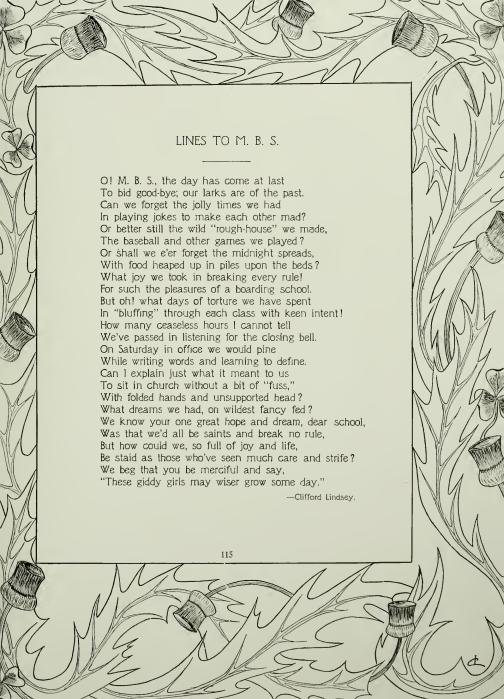


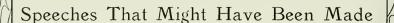


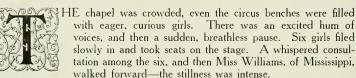










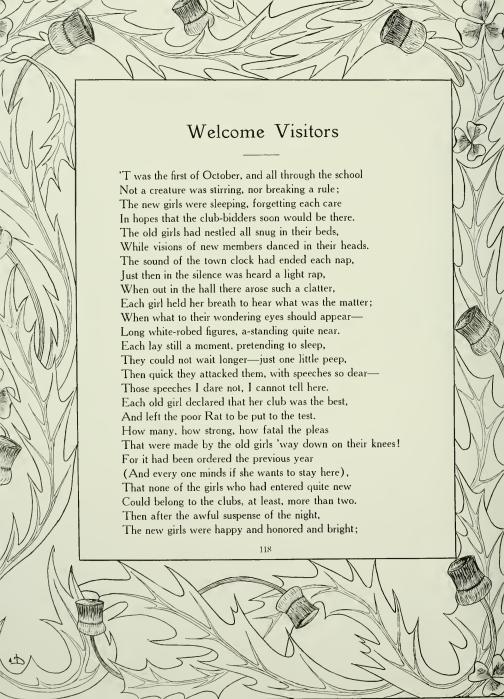


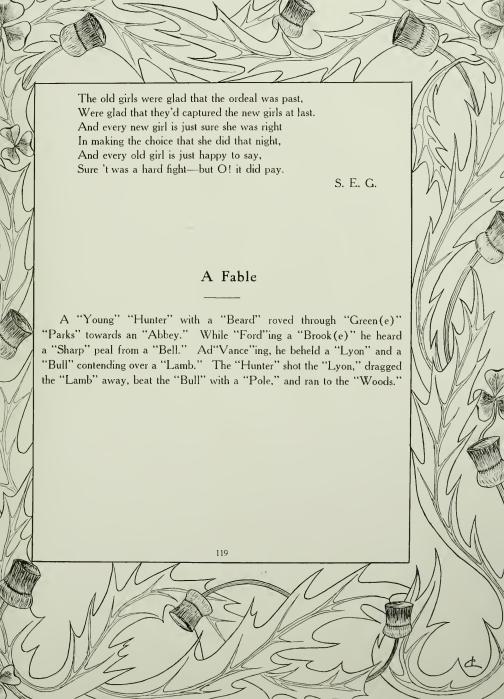
She gave a deep, impressive cough, and placing her hand upon the desk, surveyed her audience calmly, judicially. There was a dramatic pause, and then Miss Williams began to speak. Her subject was, "How to Appear Important." Miss Williams, our authority upon parliamentary law, always appears prominently in the limelight, so her short talk proved to be very instructive.

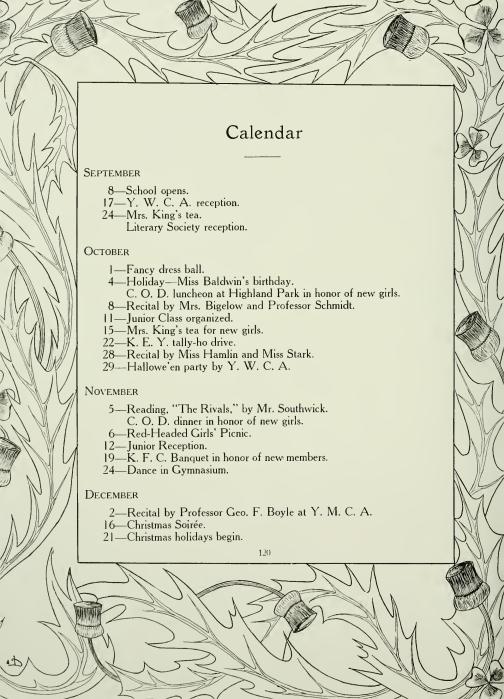
Next came a tall, stately young lady, with an intellectual face. Her manner was cool and composed, her voice carefully modulated, and the audience at once recognized Miss Sarah Ellen Greene, of Birmingham, Alabama. She spoke slowly and distinctly, now and then consulting written notes; her hearers were told, in the most faultless English, how to gain the reputation for literary attainments, and how to keep it. Miss Greene is recognized as one of our literary geniuses, and she gave much valuable advice upon "The Art of Being Literary."

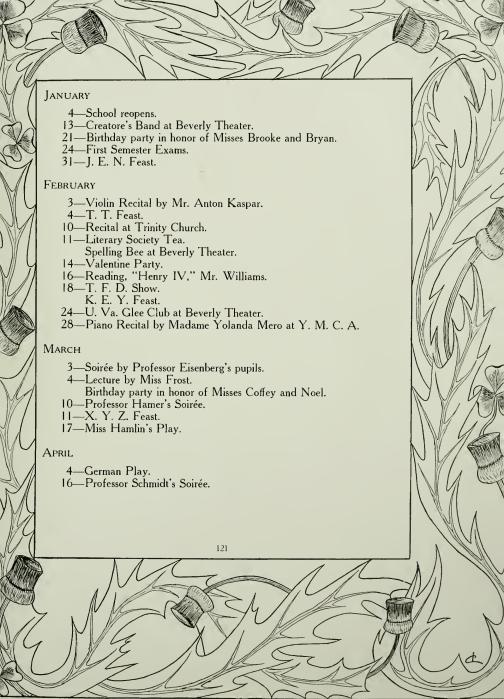
The young lady who followed Miss Greene was attired in a dark red Peter Thompson suit. She appeared to be slightly embarrassed, and her face rivaled her Peter Thompson in color. There was a sudden gasp in the audience, and a fresh, eager young voice called out, "Why, it's Lutie." This was followed by whispers, "Sh, Maria." Miss Lucretia Derrick Woods waited a moment in dignified silence, and then began earnestly, "It is a source of great regret to me that my friends at Mary Baldwin do not look seriously upon life, and do not feel—" Here she was interrupted again by groans from the irrepressible Maria. Miss Lucretia made an effective appeal for a more earnest consideration of the serious problems and responsibilities of life. Although her face kept the wise look of the owl that she has frequently impersonated in

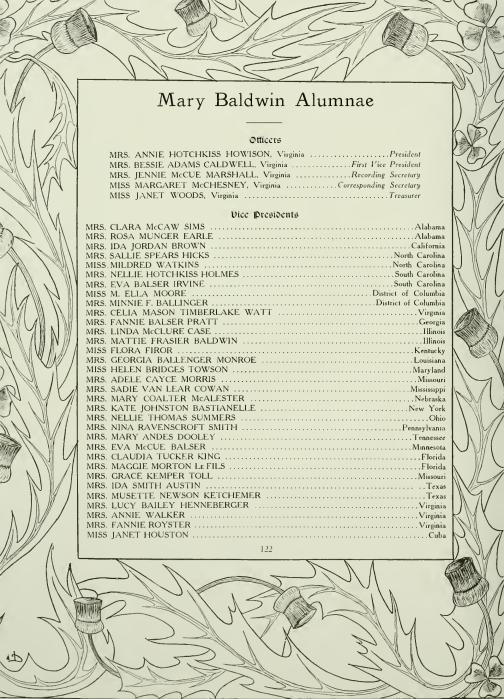
the T. F. D. theatricals, a wave of suppressed amusement swept over the audience as Miss Woods sat down. The merriment was suddenly checked by a sharp tapping of the bell, and the imperious tones of Miss Kate Earle Terrell filled the chapel: "The meeting will please come to order." Miss Terrell then proceeded to give a brief outline upon the subject, "How to be President; How to Monopolize the Office." As Miss Terrell has been eminently successful in this respect, her audience listened with absorbed interest and attention to every word. And then there was a buzz of interest, whispers of "Miss Munger! Miss Munger!" Every girl craned her neck to see the popular Miss Munger, formerly of Hill Top. Her costume presented striking contrasts; she wore a dress of dark blue voile, with glimpses of a white satin fringed ruffle, her feet were encased in "Old Ladies' Comforts," and she struggled with a pair of slightly gray lace cuffs. She spoke upon "The Art of Mural Decoration"a subject which seemed to appeal to her eager listeners. She described in detail the large red hearts, pierced with arrows, which she had employed as the motif for the decoration of the ceiling of her room in Hill Top. She added modestly that the effect was so pleasing that Sargent might well envy it. Miss Munger sat down amid deafening applause. And last appeared the heroine of the year, Miss George Harris. The interest of the audience seemed to have reached its highest point, and the stillness was intense. Her manner was cool and unconcerned as she announced her subject: "How to be Written up in the Washington Post." Miss Harris explained that it is comparatively simple to appear as "a beautiful young girl eloping from a fashionable school." She said, with a shrug of her shoulders, "All that I had to do was to slide out of the second story window on a rope sheet and—" just here each girl leaned forward eagerly—"the knot slipped, and down I came! The next morning I was reported as a daring heroine.' When the clapping and excited whispers had at last ceased, some one, high on the circus benches, called out, "Haven't we learned a lot to-night?"



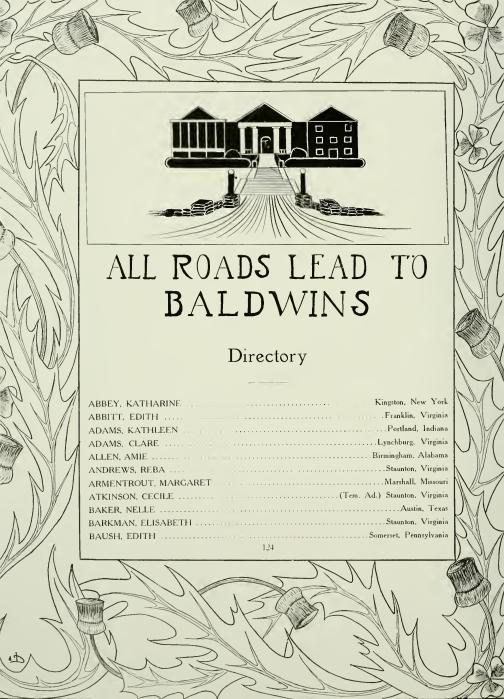


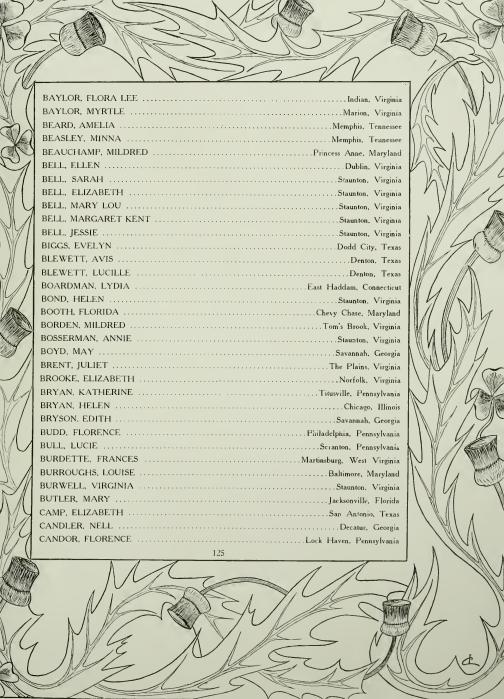




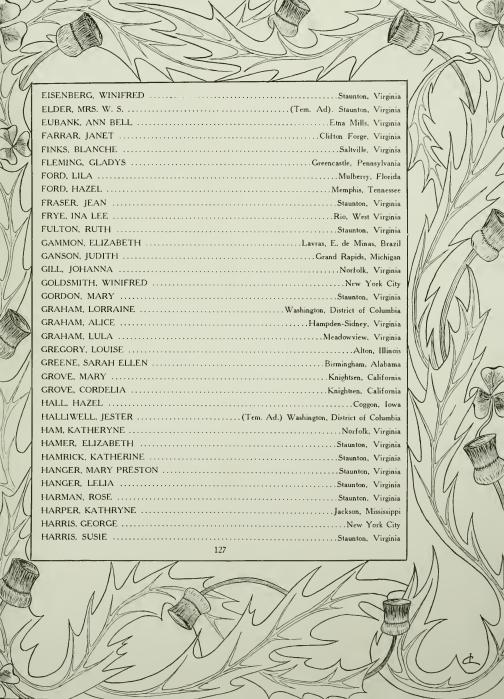






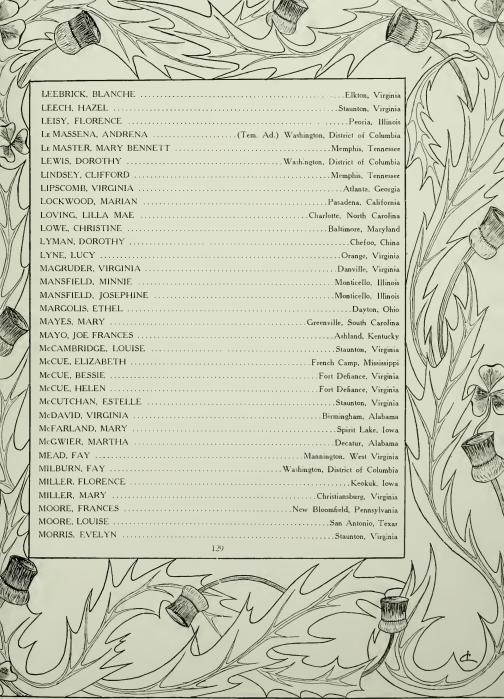


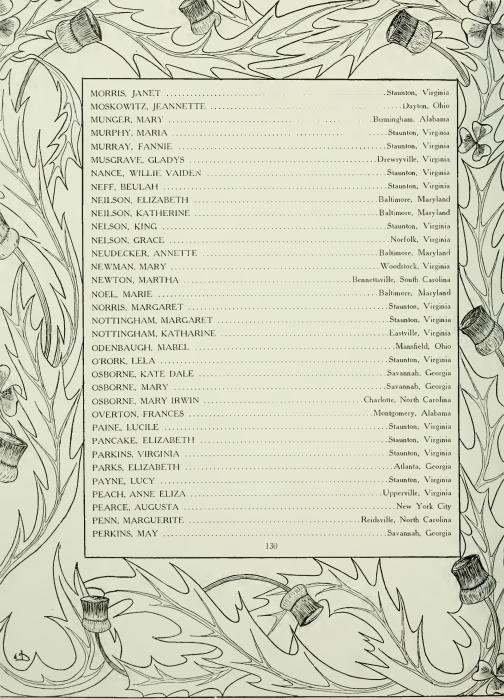
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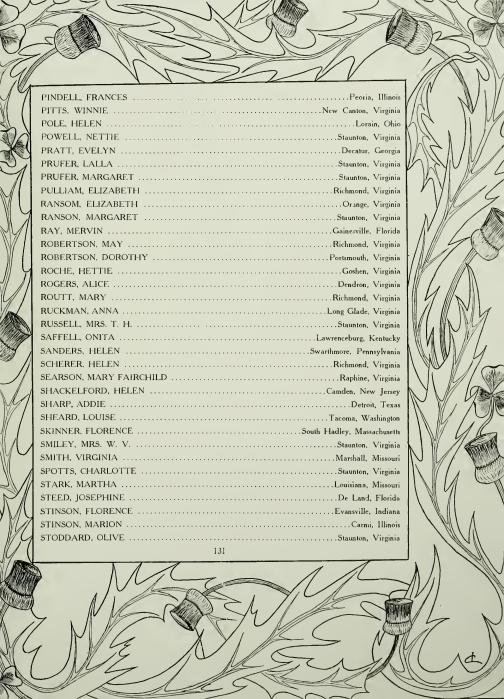


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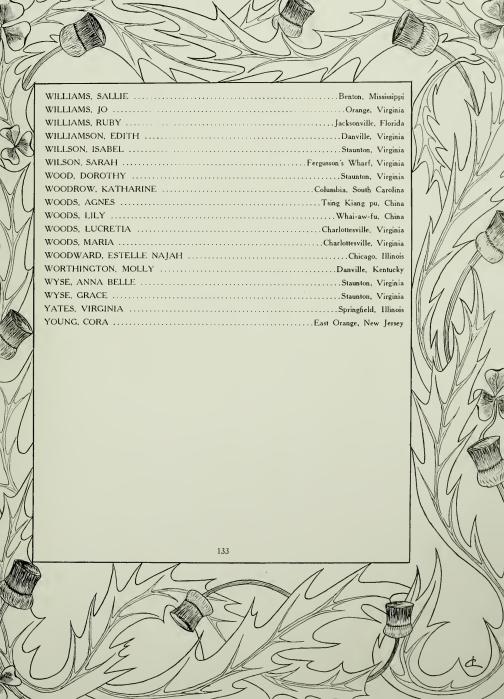
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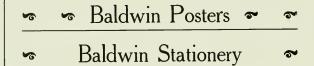
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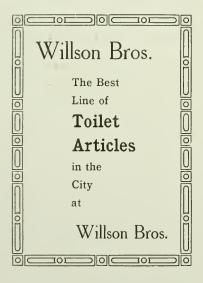
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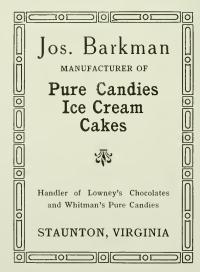
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